Ashes, Ashes

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by sourweather

Summary

Nigel comes home after a long day, and all he wants is to sit on the couch, have a smoke, and watch his pretty boyfriend tremble at his feet for a while.

Notes

listen if I saw one more pic of mads smoking a cigarette without writing cigarette kink content i would have literally turned into the joker okay

Cute thing about Will Graham, he shakes like a fuckin leaf.

Always does. Shivers if it gets the slightest bit chilly out, blames it on growing up in the South where it snows once a fucking decade. Shakes after a nightmare, too, gasping for air and whimpering into Nigel's shirt while he comes down from the shock. And he always, always starts trembling when they fuck. It's adorable.

He's shaking now, too. Kneeling at Nigel's feet and shivering like a wet dog. Nigel leans back against the back of the sofa, legs spread wide so that Will is slotted between his thighs. He smiles loosely, tapping the ash of his half-spent cigarette into the tray beside him.

"You're fucking precious, you know that?"

Will jumps at the praise, whimpering softly. His hands ball into fists on his knees, trying like hell to sit still and be good. He's been kneeling here for nearly an hour, sitting pretty while Nigel unwinds. It's been a long day, and all he wanted was to have a long drink and a smoke, while his sweet little pet sat at his feet. Occasionally, Nigel will reach down and pet his curls, scratching his scalp and muttering praises. Will's so needy for attention, even those tiny touches have been enough to make him keen and mewl. Not that Nigel blames him.

He'd shoved a vibrator in Will the second he got home, stretching him wide and giving him something nice to clench around while he waited like a good boy for his Daddy. It's driving him nuts, if the way his cute periwinkle panties are stained dark and damp is any indicator.

Will's brows furrow, and Nigel can picture his eyes shutting tight behind his navy blindfold. He moans, high and lovely, his hips lifting into nothing. Again.

Nigel tugs hard on the leash in his hand, and Will yelps in response, tipping his head back in submission and giving Nigel an eyeful of his cute baby blue collar, Will's name printed on the fabric in delicate gunmetal script.

"Got something you wanna tell me, doll?"

Will bites his reddened lip, the flush on his face spreading from his ears all the way down his chest. His thighs tense.

"C-close again, Daddy," he pants.

He smiles proudly, even though Will can't see it. "Yeah? Feel like you could come?"

His answering moan is fucking sensational, the bounces of his hips obviously unintentional. "Yes, Daddy! Yes, yes, please."

Nigel takes another slow drag, grabbing the little remote from the end table. For what must be the fifth fucking time, Nigel presses the power button, stopping the vibrator before Will can get off.

Will whines, bucking his hips and whimpering little half-formed pleas. Nigel sushes him, petting his damp hair. Despite himself, Will leans into the touch, pressing his forehead into Nigel's palm.

"Just one more, angel, that's all. I promise, next time I'll let you come."

His breaths rush in and out in shallow little bursts, searching for his composure. After a second, he whispers "Y-yes, Daddy."

Nigel tugs on Will's leash again, and Will gasps. "Why don't you come on up here with me, doll? You can sit in Daddy's lap."

Will is already stumbling unsteadily to his feet, legs like jelly from kneeling for so long. He reaches out blindly, searching for contact so that he doesn't fall. Nigel gently urges him in the right direction by his leash and grins when Will crashes into his lap, stradding one of Nigel's thighs.

"There we go," Nigel purrs, reaching down to palm Will through his panties. God, the fabric is dripping wet. Nigel's been hard for a while now, but just thinking about fucking into a cunt that wet—

"D-Daddy..." Will whispers, pawing at the air to feel for Nigel's face. "Please?"

"Hands behind your back, sweetheart, be good."

Will whines, but he does as he's told, clasping his hands tightly behind himself.

"Perfect," he praises, fingers running along Will's slit. He's trembling here, too. "That's fucking perfect."

Nigel holds his cigarette between his teeth, grabbing for the remote and switching it back on. Will's reaction is immediate.

"O-Oh, fuck, fuck, Daddy!" he cries, hips rutting over Nigel's thigh.

Nigel brings the last of the cigarette to Will's parted lips. He flinches at the feeling of the filter bumping the swell of his lower lip, then delicately closes his mouth around it and inhales, whimpering all the while.

When he pulls the cigarette away, Nigel yanks Will close for a wet, heated kiss. The smoke passes between their mouths, rising around them as their lips press and release frantically. Nigel shoves his free hand into Will's panties, rubbing his slick folds and teasing his swollen clit.

Will is mewling into Nigel's mouth, hands still obediently behind his back as he rubs his cunt over Nigel's hand. The vibrator keeps buzzing away inside of him, bringing him shaking and moaning to the edge.

Nigel presses his cigarette to Will's chest just beneath his collarbone, burning his pale, pretty skin and branding him with an angry little cricle.

It's the pain that makes Will come. His cunt spasms, clenching rhythmically around the toy as more slick gushes out to soil his panties and stain Nigel's trousers. His spine is arched, his head thrown back. Nigel watches him scream, listens to his cries of 'yes, Daddy, *yes*' until they eventually die down.

Nigel keeps the vibrator going for a few more seconds, admiring how Will continues to shake. Now from a combination of overstimulation and ecstasy as he's wracked with the aftershocks of a long-awaited orgasm. Eventually, though, Will makes a sound of protest so pitiful that Nigel relents.

Sweet thing collapses like a house of cards the second he shuts the toy off. Nigel reaches up, pets his hair. Gently, he guides Will to rest his head on Nigel's shoulder.

"I'm not gonna ask you to talk yet," Nigel says after a minute of heated silence. "Just nod or shake your head. You okay?"

Will nods, slowly.

"Yeah? I didn't burn you too bad, did I?"

He shakes his head, but Nigel is still planning to grab him a cool rag, and put some ointment on it later.

"...You have fun?"

Another nod, very emphatic. Nigel laughs. A kiss gets pressed to his neck.

"You wanna take all this shit off and watch a movie on the couch with me?"

Will swallows hard. His hand palms Nigel's aching cock. Nigel hisses, presses into the touch.

"Are you gonna end up cuddle-fucking me ten minutes in?" Will teases sleepily.

Nigel smirks, hands rubbing up and down Will's back. "Probably," he admits. "...But I'll be gentle."

He can feel Will's smile against his skin. "Yeah, alright. That sounds nice."

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